



PEBBLES.

Miss Frazz—"Who is going to give the bride away?" Miss Pert—"I could, but I wouldn't be so mean."—Philadelphia Record.

"Sue is very distant in her manner." "Distant? Why, her disposition is so freezing that she is constantly taking cold from it."—Yarmouthport Item.

Fat—"I hope you live forever, and guess you stand a good chance, as Tolmie is an Orthodox." Father Tom—"How do you make that out?" Pat—"Did you reverence never hear of Tolmie O'Day?"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A New Specter.—Circus Man (hunting for a stray elephant)—"Have you seen a strange animal around here?" Irishman—"Begorra, Oh, have that; there was an injur-rubber bull around here pullin' carrots with his tail."—Harvard Lampoon.

PARSON.—"I have heard, Mr. Pettijohn, that you would like to attend my church, but cannot afford to pay anything for a pew?" Pettijohn—"Yes, sir; my expenses are large and my income is small." Parson—"But your wife tells me that it costs you one dollar and fifty cents to go fishing every Sunday." Pettijohn—"Well, that's all she knows about it. It costs me at least two dollars."—Judge.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

The title of a Christian Endeavor paper published at Parnassus, Pa., is The Mustard Seed.

New York state now has 122 chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; Pennsylvania has 102; Virginia, 47; Ohio, 32; Illinois, 28; New Jersey, 27.

THERE are now 23,163 Christian Endeavor societies officially enrolled. Of these, 545 societies are in foreign and missionary land, 1,546 in the dominion of Canada and 20,772 in the United States.

THE latest statistics of Christian Endeavor growth in Australia are as follows: Victoria, 200 societies, 8,000 members; South Australia, 58 societies, 1,600 members; New South Wales, 51 societies, 1,500 members; Queensland 10 societies, New Zealand, 10; Tasmania, 10.

The Golden Rule societies endeavor to answer the following questions: What social evils of the day may Endeavorers wisely attack, and how? What work might be done by a "good citizenship committee" in our societies? What work, within your knowledge, have Endeavorers already done in these lines?

PROVERBS OF THE DAY.

Evil thoughts always come from the devil, no matter who thinks them.

Nothing can have a meaning until it has been discovered to have an opposite.

Tim-man who will not give up his sin in this life will have to keep it in the next.

It won't help your own crop any to look over the fence and count the weeds in your neighbor's garden.

Men will skin one another alive in trade who would starve rather than go into housebreaking as a business.

Whenever a bird goes to fly, it looks up, but some men shut their eyes whenever they take an important step.

Time makes a man find out he has been making a fool of himself in his hoarded something valuable.—Kane's Horn.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

WASHINGTON, it is said, is to have another storage battery railroad.

It is said that the application of electricity to agriculture is one of the most promising fields now open to the electrical engineer and manufacturer.

ELECTRICITY, when retarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of 283,000 miles a second. Along a wire it is, of course, vastly slower; a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams over long distances.

It is said that experiments are now being tried in London, England, to extract aluminum from alkaline and earthy alkaline aluminates, which, if successful, will allow the superoxide of the electrolytic processes now in vogue, and produce the new at from fourteen to sixteen cents per pound.

FOUND IN PRINT.

THE town of Teale, in Washington, has been renamed Leavenworth.

A PERSONAL in a Boston paper reads: "Mr. Howland, who had his face slapped at the horse show in New York the other night, is at the Vendome."

HEN is the "college yell" of the Central university, Kentucky: "Braceley, Kay, Kovax, Kovax, Bracketty, Kay, Kovax, Kovax, Wo-ooop, Wo-ooop; Hullabaloo—C. U., C. U."

A Boston schoolboy, who evidently has a bright future awaiting him, lately began an essay with these words: "The world was formerly inhabited by immortals, but they are now all dead."

SOME of the residents of a new town in Oklahoma desired to name it Tipperary; others wanted to call it Jerusalem. After a heated discussion, they came to a compromise, and the town is known as Tipperusalem.

THINGS USEFUL TO KNOW.

Use a small, soft sponge to apply the blushing to a stove.

TAXES mixed with mutton tallow is good for chapped hands.

Put a teaspoonful of salt into a kerosene lamp once in awhile.

A good-sized sponge is nice for cleaning paint and washing windows.

A PASTE made of equal parts of lard and powdered chalk will cure corns.

A LARGE, soft sponge, either dry or slightly dampened, makes a good duster.

Throw a quantity of salt in the stove if the chimney is on fire and there is danger from sparks; if not, let it burn.

NITER is excellent for a cold, especially a feverish one. Use ten drops to a teaspoonful, according to age, once in four hours.

Dinner.—Here, waiter, I ordered bluefish. This isn't blue-fish, waiter.—Parson, m'ien. Zis is as blue as any fish we have.—Harper's Bazar.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

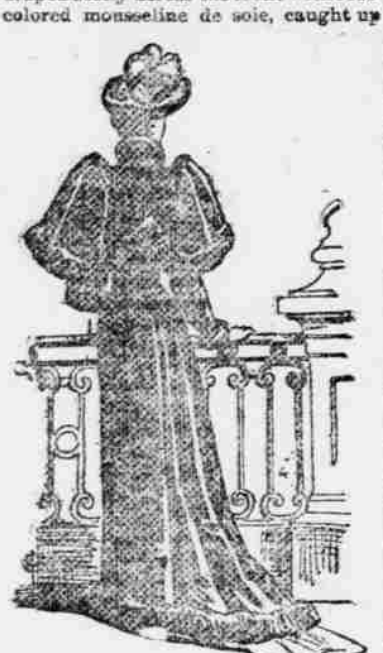
Some Pertinent Reflections for Christmas Day.

Pretty Bodies to Escape Our Attention.—For in its New Shapes and Forms—Still the Favorite—Living—Gown Again.

[COPYRIGHT, 1912.]

Surely we wouldn't think of fashions on such a day as this. Why, it's Christmas, the day we forget ourselves and think of others! We haven't any time to bother with styles and petty differences of fashion and trifling advances on the modes of a month ago.

No? Well, then, let me tell you of what a thoughtful parent has purchased for his pretty daughter. That will interest you, I know. It is one of the prettiest bodies you ever saw, and she is going to wear it to-night at the family gathering—just to please him, you know. It is a Josephine bodice, made of peau de soie, in a deep rich red draped softly across the front with rose-colored monseigns de soie, caught up



PUR AND VELVET.

by a big camme. Then there is a very high belt of the same camme, and one catching up each short sleeve puff of the mousseline. Her hair is so very dark and her skin so purely olive that she is delighted with the thought of the result.

Now, have I succeeded in getting you interested, and cannot I persuade you to listen for a little space while I discourse upon several more bodices almost as pretty as the one this favorite daughter will wear?

Heaven, then, to this description of one in mauve velvet, close-fitting and with a Bolero formed above by gold and mauve embroidery, from which falls a deep source of lace, long in the front, gradually shortening over the hips and at the back until it is caught up with a chain of ribbon and long streamers. In the front, also, there are chains where the lace and embroidery join. The short sleeves are full lace bouffes falling beneath embroidered epaulettes.

Another one with loosely falling lace effect of serpent-green silk, shot with rose. The low cut corsage is bordered with pink feather trimming shading off into green, and from this the lace flouncing falls. This time it is at the back that the lace hangs long into a deep slender point. Butterflies of lace are poised on the shoulders.

Two more are there—one of pink bengaline, the other of yellow bengaline. The bengaline has a dull pink feather trimming and steel passementerie bands for adornment; the yellow bengaline has flouncing of white chiffon across the pointed bodice, and a high crush belt of the bengaline.

But there's another subject we may discuss even on Christmas day, and that is fur. It's a warm, comfortable subject, and seems to suit the glowing fire and family gathering, particularly that most comfortable and popular form of it—seal. Seal skin reigns queen of all furs, no other has conquered it, although its overthrow has often been prophesied and threatened.

But though it is still supreme it has assumed a new guise. We see it no longer in severity of form, in straight, plain garment almost devoid of shape. It has dropped the old conservatism

and taken into itself many new notions. We see it now plaited and gathered in many fanciful ways, in long Watteau folds, in gathered capes, in short piped collars, and the effect is not so ungraceful as one might suppose, for the fur easily adapts itself to the change and appears none the worse for it.

It looks prettiest, perhaps, in the long military cape, falling free from the collar, edged with other fur, generally Russian sable, or, perhaps, with a close row of Russian sable tails laid around on the seal, not hanging below it.

In the short fur garments—the little capes and the Eton and Bolero jackets—however, other fur is just as popular. One always finds the mink, and there are also the gray trimmer, the Persian lamb or the moire Persian. Of course, the military cape is last, and often forms the only outer garment, even on cold days. But it is very deceptive, and while it looks warm and protective, hanging far below the hips, the wind has a quiet way of working up under it and sending little chills through the person who was rash enough to come out so clad.

Much more sensible are the small sleeveless fur jackets over the cloth coats. These are Eton, generally, of round cut, Bolero, reaching to the waist line, or still shorter.

But possibly we're disposed to be more economical and deny ourselves one of the beautiful fur garments, which cost anywhere from \$100 to \$1,000, or even more, for one can easily pay \$1,500 for a coat in that most expensive fur, Russian sable. But if we are disposed to practice economy we shall content ourselves with fur in trimming only, either on dress, cloak or hat. For dresses the narrower it is the better, when it appears in bands. For girdles it may be broader, and for sleeves it is allowed still more freedom. A cloth dress looks very handsome with such an addition of fur, and possibly a sleeveless jacket as well.

Then there are the fur collars, running down into a long point in front, even as far as the belt; or the high rolling collars, with short plaited flounces added; or the head and tail boss. These last appear very modest, and yet I saw one the other day of Russian sable marked twenty-five dollars.

Muffs are a little bigger this year, and the round ones are still popular. One sees plenty of the flat, fancy ones in velvet and fur, but there is no present danger of their taking the round muffs' place. The most convenient muf is one that has a tiny spring concealed at the top, which flies open when pressed and reveals a deep, satin-lined pocket, so convenient to hold handkerchief, purse, card case, and a dozen other things women carry with them, pocket or no pocket.

But the fur has another vocation. It is sometimes content to hide itself beneath evening brocade, or pale-colored cloth breeding cloaks. The white Mongolian is often found here, and only peeps out a little way at the edge. That's the way I saw it in a beautiful military cape, worn by a most magnificent woman, tall and queenly, with wonderful black hair. The cape was of black velvet, full three-quarter length, and lined and bordered down the front with pure white ermine. The lower edge was bordered with wide white passementerie. It looked more startling, possibly, because it fell over a

white satin gown that had a black velvet bodice. The bodice was close fitting and low cut, and narrowed off at the sides into straight bands that fell over the skirt almost to the feet. The white fringe that edged them brought the trimming down to the bottom of the dress, the fringe falling over white chiffon undergarments that were looped on the skirt beneath.

The regal woman talked to another, but the second was more simply gowned. Her toilet cost no less, I feel sure; it only appeared simpler, less ostentatious, because it was pure Empire, in pale gold, with gold embroideries; and, over a lovely lace drapery in white, embroidered in innumerable pale colors, hung loosely, back and front, draped just enough to make it fall softly. The girl looked beautiful, she told, was dark and the well floated away from the gold beneath whenever a tiny breeze came in from the open window where the two stood.

As I walked the other day through a most fashionable establishment, I wondered what the crowd of women at the end were doing. There seemed to be more excitement than was usual in that great place. So I pushed my way through and discovered that they were buying, as fast as they could, dress lengths of the lowliest fine French cambrie, in dainty colors. "No, but matter that the day was a bitterly cold one; all that the women knew then was that these goods were to be had at a wonderful bargain, and that this was the time to get them.

And after watching them for some time, and listening while they discussed the designs that would probably be fashioned next summer, I felt so interested and so sympathetic that I bought one myself.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

A Well-Meant Suggestion.

Charlie—I asked Miss Mauley to be my wife, and she declined.

Pranella—Ask her to be your husband, and see what she says.—Truth.

Their Destination.

He—Where did they go when they eloped?

She—Back home. They had only ear-fares in their pockets.

Quite Different.

Holmes—By the way, Wanda, where do you live now?

Wanda—I don't; I board.—Life.

A Discerning Pop.

It is told in an English religious journal that a clergyman recently of-ficiated for a brother clergyman. Being anxious to know what impression he had made, he asked the clerk, "My discourse pitched in too high a key?" I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people." "No, you didn't do that, sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" asked the clerkman. "Yes, it was about right." "Was it too long?" "No, but it was long enough." "I am glad of that, for, to tell you the truth, the other day, as I was getting this sermon ready, my dog destroyed four or five pages and that has made it much shorter." "Oh, sir," said the clerk, "could you let our vicar have a pup to threaten dog?"—N. Y. Tribune.

A Chinaman is speaking to a himself as he Irons a shirt. Picks up a shirt showing evidence of having been well cared for, and says "Bachelor. Him land-lady fix him." Picks up another, buttoned and all frayed at the wrists and neck, and says: "Married man."

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At the British consulate, for instance, a sick seaman, an irate doctor and a disgruntled clerk were having a triangular duel of words when I entered, but when I spoke the clerk looked relieved, the doctor and the seaman ambled off together, while I was shown into an inner room where sat Consul Gilbert Fraser, and his blonde-haired lady lighted up with a smile, too.

For it was of Christmas I spoke, and its observance in many lands varied, but always with a core of kindness and home-feeling running through it.

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